

GIANT 52-PAGE SIZE! BUY NO LESS!

FORBIDDEN WORLDS

JULY-
AUGUST

EXPLORING the SUPERNATURAL!

10¢



WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM



KILROY IS HERE!

IN A SENSATIONAL SMASH COMICS MAGAZINE THAT'S TURNED THE TOWN TOPSY-TURVY!

The KILROYS

HOT OFF THE PRESS AND A BOMBSHELL OF BELLY-LAFFS... SO BUY YOUR COPY NOW! LATCH ON TO 'NATCH', THE TERRIFIC TEENAGER! MEET JUDY, HIS LITTLE LOVIN' OVEN "JACKSON", THE DOWNBEAT ATOM BOMB... AND MOM AND POP KILROY, IN PERSON!

THEY'RE ALL ON HAND FOR GIGGLES! SO IF YOU WANT TO SAY KILROY WAS HERE, AND MEAN IT,

Read

The KILROYS

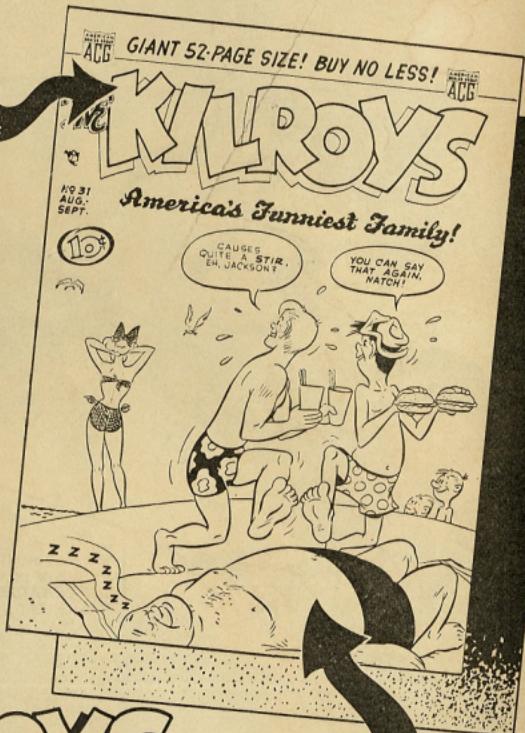
America's Funniest Family!

10¢

ON ALL STANDS

and

YOU'D BETTER HURRY!



DEMON of DESTRUCTION



HERE IT IS, READER--THE MOST AMAZING STORY OF THE AGE--THE HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED ACCOUNT OF HOW A DREAD DEMON OF DESTRUCTION STALKED THE EARTH ON HIS MAD, MURDEROUS RAMPAGE! BAR THE DOORS AND TURN THE LIGHTS LOW--FOR HE MAY BE COMING YOUR WAY!

IN THE LABORATORY OF DON BRADY,
YOUNG ATOMIC PHYSICIST...

BLAST IT--MY CALCULATIONS CAME OUT WRONG AGAIN! I--I'M WORKING MYSELF INTO A NERVOUS BREAKDOWN, TRYING TO HIT ON THE SINGLE FORMULA THAT WILL ENABLE ME TO PERFECT MY ATOMIC ENGINE--BUT IT ALWAYS ELUDES ME!



THANKS, MARY--HMM, IT'S FROM MY GRANDUNCLE'S EXECUTOR--YOU KNOW, THE MAD CHARACTER WHO DIED LAST MONTH AFTER A LIFETIME OF DELVING INTO THE SUPERNATURAL! THE WIRE SAYS HE LEFT ME HIS HOUSE--

MYSTIC MANOR!

OH, THAT ANCIENT, LONELY HOUSE YOU TOLD ME ABOUT? I THINK IT'S THE PERFECT GROUNDS FOR YOU TO TAKE A REST IN, DON--TO GET AWAY FROM YOUR LAB FOR A WHILE!



FORBIDDEN WORLDS, published bi-monthly and copyright, 1951, by Preferred Publications, Inc., 8 Lord Street, Buffalo, New York. Editorial offices, 45 West 45th St., New York 19, N.Y. Richard E. Hughes, Editor. Frederick H. Igner, Business Manager. Subscription (12 issues), \$1.20; single copies, 10c. Postage extra. All characters are fictitious and use of real names coincidental. For advertising information, address American Comics Group, 45 West 45th St., New York 19, N.Y. Application for entry as second class matter, pending, at the Post Office at Buffalo, New York. Printed in U.S.A.



I'LL TELL YOU---AND THEN MAYBE YOU'LL BELIEVE! YOUR GRANDUNCLE'S HOUSEKEEPER WAS BROUGHT TO MY OFFICE SOME TIME AGO---SHE WAS DELIRIOUS, SCREAMING INCOHERENTLY ABOUT SOMETHING SHE CALLED MARZO! I WENT TO MYSTIC MANOR MYSELF TO FIND OUT WHAT HAD FRIGHTENED HER---BUT I DIDN'T STAY THERE LONG---I COULDN'T! SOMETHING HORRIBLY EVIL SEEMED TO REACH INTO THE DEPTHS OF MY BEING THE MOMENT I NEARED THAT ACCURSED HOME---SOMETHING COLD AND MALIGNANT---SOMETHING THAT WANTED MY SOUL!



ARE YOU TRYING TO TELL ME THAT MY UNCLE'S GHOST IS HAUNTING THAT HOUSE?

NO---IT ALL STARTED BEFORE HE DIED---WHEN A HUGE COFFIN-LIKE CARTON ARRIVED FROM SOMEWHERE IN THE ORIENT! YOUR UNCLE BEGAN DYING BY INCHES SOON AFTER THAT---EACH TIME I SAW HIM, HIS EYES WERE MORE HAUNTED! WHEN HE FINALLY DIED, I ISSUED A DEATH CERTIFICATE FOR HEART FAILURE---BUT I NEVER PARED ASK MYSELF **WHAT** STOPPED HIS HEART! FOR IF EVER I SAW STARK TERROR ON A DEAD MAN'S FACE, IT WAS ON **HIS**. BE WARNED---

STAY AWAY FROM MYSTIC MANOR!

I---I'M BEGINNING TO BE SORRY I EVER SUGGESTED COMING HERE, DON! LET'S GO BACK---
PLEASE!

SO THIS MASS HYSTERIA IS BEGINNING TO AFFECT YOU, TOO, EH? WELL, IT'S NOT GOING TO GET **ME** DOWN---I'M GOING TO TAKE YOU TO MYSTIC MANOR AND PROVE THAT THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS THE SUPERNATURAL!



UP UP THE LONELY, WINDING MOUNTAIN ROAD, UP TO WHERE THE CLAMMY MISTS HANG LOW AND A STRANGE AURA OF SOME UNKNOWN MENACE HOVERS OVER THE FORBIDDING GABLES OF A HOUSE CRUMBLING WITH THE WEIGHT OF THE AGES...

THAT---THAT CREEPY OLD PLACE MUST BE MYSTIC MANOR, DON---AND **LOOK**---IT---IT SEEMS AS IF A GIGANTIC PHANTOM HAND IS CLUTCHING THE HOUSE!

STRANGE, I SEEM TO SEE IT TOO---BUT IT'S PROBABLY JUST THE FINGERS OF MIST CURLING AROUND THE HOUSE! THERE'S **NOTHING** TO BE AFRAID OF!



Then, past the creaking door and into the musty interior, where flickering shadows writhe on furniture shrouded like white, crouching corpses...

DON, I---I'M AFRAID---
TERRIFIED!

DON'T BE SILLY, PARLING! THIS CANDLESTICK I FOUND OUGHT TO GIVE US ENOUGH LIGHT TO EXPLORE THE OLD JOINT---AND YOU'LL SEE HOW CHILDISH YOUR FEARS ARE!



THIS MUST HAVE BEEN YOUR UNCLE'S ROOM---HIS DEATH CHAMBER! AND IT---IT LOOKS AS IF SOME DEMONIAL POWER HAD BEEN LET LOOSE IN HERE---TO RAVAGE AND DESTROY!

NONGENSE---UNCLE PHINEAS ALWAYS WAS UNTIDY! HMM, HERE'S AN ANCIENT-LOOKING BOOK---PROBABLY PART OF HIS STUDIES INTO THAT OCCULT POPPYCOCK! LET'S SEE WHAT IT SAYS---IT OUGHT TO GIVE US A **LAUGH!**



And so it came to pass that MARZO, the eternal incarnation of the spirit of destruction, the devil's disciple who is far more evil even than Satan, was finally conquered eons ago... Yea, MARZO, the most dreaded power on earth, was imprisoned in an ancient stone coffin which was then hidden on the peak of Thachap Gangri in Tibet and cursed forever!

HA, WHAT BOSH... LISTEN, IT GETS EVEN FUNNIER!
... IF HIS COFFIN IS REMOVED FROM THAT PLACE,
HIS EVIL AURA WILL SEEP OUT AND STRIKE DREAD
INTO THE HEARTS OF MEN! BUT IF EVER HIS
COFFIN IS OPENED AND HE ESCAPES, THEN
TERROR AND DESTRUCTION WILL STALK FOR-
EVER AMID THE FLAMES AND RUINS
OF A RAVAGED WORLD!

DON, IT ISN'T BOSH...
THAT HUGE COFFIN-LIKE CARTON WHICH CAME TO
YOUR UNCLE FROM THE
ORIENT MUST HAVE BEEN
MARZO'S COFFIN...
BECAUSE THE AURA OF
EVIL AND DREAD AROUND
THIS HOUSE ARRIVED
TOGETHER WITH THAT
CARTON!

MARZO IS SOMEWHERE IN THIS
HOUSE... I CAN ALMOST FEEL
HIS CLAMMY SPIRIT GROPING
FOR MY SOUL!

THE ONLY WAY TO RESTORE
YOUR SANITY, MARY, IS TO
TURN THIS HOUSE UPSIDE
DOWN UNTIL YOU'RE CON-

VINCED THE
MYTHICAL MARZO
ISN'T HERE... OR
ANYWHERE! COME
ON!

ROOM AFTER SHROUDED ROOM IS SEARCHED IN VAIN--
BUT FINALLY IN THE DIM RECESSES OF THE SUBTERANEAN
CELLAR...

THE ATMOSPHERE OF
HORRIFYING EVIL SEEMS TO BE
MORE INTENSE DOWN HERE
-- AS IF WE'RE GETTING
WARM! OH, LOOK... THAT
HEAVY IRON DOOR! IT'S
BOLTED ON THIS SIDE
-- AS IF TO KEEP SOMETHING
IN THERE FROM
GETTING OUT!

WELL, THAT JUST
MAKES IT EASY
TO OPEN... AND
DON'T TRY
TO STOP ME!

AS THE UNBOLTED DOOR IS FLUNG OPEN, AN OVERWHELMING
AURA OF ALMOST TANGIBLE, DEMONIAL EVIL SURGES OUT--
LIKE A STAGGERING BLAST FROM THE DEPTHS!

MARZO'S COFFIN
... HE'S IN THERE!

OH, YEAH? I'LL SHOW
YOU THERE'S NOTHING SUPER-
NATURAL IN THAT BOX... I'LL
BREAK IT OPEN AND
PROVE IT!

NO, DON,
DON'T...!

THERE... THAT DID
IT! NOW TO SEE
WHAT'S
INSIDE!

CLANK!

M



**STUNNED BY THE FALLING WRECKAGE...
DON REVIVES!**

OH, MY...MY HEAD! THE WHOLE HOUSE COLLAPSED AROUND OUR EARS...BUT WE WERE MIRACULOUSLY SPARED SOMEHOW! MARY'S BEGINNING TO STIR...I'VE GOT TO GET HER OUT OF HERE!

I DON'T KNOW HOW IT HAPPENED, DARLING...I GUESS THE PLACE WAS SO OLD AND UNSAFE THAT IT WAS READY TO COLLAPSE THE MOMENT ANYONE STEPPED FOOT IN IT! I MUST'VE BEEN REALLY KNOCKED OUT COLD, THOUGH...BECAUSE I SEEM TO REMEMBER SOME AWFUL DREAM ABOUT HOW I UNWITTINGLY RELEASED A DREAD SPIRIT NAMED MARZO, WHO SAID HE WOULD GRANT ME THREE WISHES! CRAZY DREAM FOR A SCIENTIST, EH?

BUT...BUT THAT'S WHAT I THOUGHT I'D DREAMED! AND IF WE BOTH EXPERIENCED IT, IT MUST HAVE BEEN REALITY!

WE'VE GOT TO GET A GRIP ON OURSELVES, MARY...IT COULDN'T HAVE REALLY HAPPENED! THE MAGS HYPNOTIC THAT GRIPPED THE PEOPLE OF SMITHVILLE MUST HAVE STARTED WORKING ON US, TOO!

THINK SO? LOOK...DOWN THERE!



SEE, DONZ...ALL OF SMITHVILLE IS IN FLAMES! AND MARZO SAID HE WAS GOING OUT TO WREAK DESTRUCTION ON THE WORLD!

LET...LET'S GET OUT OF HERE AND HEAD FOR HOME, MARY! WE'RE BOTH OVERWROUGHT--THAT FIRE IS JUST A COIN-CIDENCE, AND NOTHING MORE!



COINCIDENCE? WELL, IN THE DAYS THAT FOLLOW...

NO...
NO...
HELP!



THIS IS THE TWENTY-NINTH GHASTLY MURDER LIKE THIS IN THESE PARTS...BUT WE CAN'T SEEM TO LAND THE KILLER! HE SLIPS THROUGH THE HEAVIEST POLICE CORDON...ALMOST AS IF HE'S A SPIRIT!

YEAH, AND THE TRAIL OF MURDERS SEEMS TO BE HEADING TOWARDS NEW YORK...WE'D BETTER WARN THE POLICE THERE TO EXPECT HIM...OR IT!



BUT THE POLICE OF NEW YORK HAVE NOT BEEN WARNED TO EXPECT A SPIRIT OF DESTRUCTION THAT CAN BECOME INVISIBLE...MONSTROUS...THAT CAN STALK THROUGH A CITY AND LEAVE A TRAGIC TRAIL OF DEATH AND HORROR BEHIND!



MEANWHILE, IN DON BRADY'S LAB...

YOU'VE JUST WITNESSED THE MOST HORRIFYING AND UNBELIEVABLE SIGHT IN HISTORY, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN OF THE TELEVISION AUDIENCE--A MASSIVE BRIDGE OF STEEL AND CONCRETE, RIPPED APART BY SOME INVISIBLE FORCE, PINIONING HUNDREDS OF PEOPLE IN THE WRECKAGE...

DON...THAT...

THAT MUST BE MARZO'S TERRIBLE WORK!



NOW, WHILE THE SCREAMS OF THE DYING FILL THE AIR, THE HAVOC AND DESTRUCTION SEEM TO HAVE TEMPORARILY HALTED! BUT WHO KNOWS WHEN OR WHERE THIS UNKNOWN FORCE WILL STRIKE AGAIN...

YOU KNOW WHAT THAT FORCE IS... BECAUSE YOU RELEASED IT!

I...I CAN'T BELIEVE IT...THIS IS THE 20TH CENTURY... THINGS LIKE THIS JUST CAN'T HAPPEN!



AH, BUT THEY JUST DID HAPPEN!
CRASH!
YOU!

YES I--THE SPIRIT OF DESTRUCTION WHO WILL GO ON AND ON...BURNING...KILLING... DESTROYING! WHAT I'VE DONE SO FAR IS NOTHING COMPARED TO WHAT I'M ABOUT TO DO... BUT I CAME TO REASSURE YOU THAT NO MATTER WHAT DESTRUCTION I WREAK, YOU WILL BOTH BE SPARED! AND YOU WHO RELEASED ME FROM MY COFFIN WILL BE ALL-POWERFUL...BECAUSE THE THREE WISHES I GRANTED YOU WILL ENABLE YOU TO ACCOMPLISH ANYTHING YOUR HEART DESIRES... ANYTHING!



AND NOW...
FAREWELL...
FOREVER!

HE...HE
VANISHED!

HE WAS
REAL...ALL THIS
ISN'T A DREAM!
AND IF MARZO HAS
SUCH POWER, MAYBE
THE THREE WISHES
I MAKE WILL
COME TRUE!

YES, YOUR THREE WISHES
...THE REWARD YOU
RECEIVED FOR BE-
TRYING HUMANITY! IS
THAT ALL YOU CAN THINK
ABOUT AT A TIME LIKE THIS
...WHEN MARZO IS ABOUT
TO DESTROY THE
WHOLE WORLD?

THAT'S ALL I WANT TO
THINK ABOUT! I CAN USE
MY FIRST WISH TO OBTAIN
THE SECRET OF THE ATOMIC
ENGINE THAT'S BEEN ELUDING
ME SO LONG...THAT WILL
GIVE ME POWER! ANOTHER
WISH WILL MAKE ME THE
RICHEST MAN IN HISTORY...

YOU...YOU MURDERER! ALL YOU CARE
ABOUT IS RICHES AND POWER--WHEN YOU'RE
THE ONE WHO FEED THAT MURDEROUS SPECTER
FROM OUT OF THE UNKNOWN...TO PREY
UPON A HELPLESS WORLD! YOU'RE
RESPONSIBLE...YOU'RE AS MUCH
A KILLER AS MARZO!

YES, YOU'RE FURIOUS AT
ME...BLIND WITH RAGE,
BECAUSE DEEP IN YOUR
HEART YOU KNOW I'M
RIGHT AND YOU'RE
GUILTY...BUT YOU
CAN'T ADMIT IT TO
YOURSELF...

GET AWAY FROM ME!
I'M GOING TO BE THE
MOST POWERFUL MAN
IN THE WORLD...WHY
SHOULD I LET YOU AND
YOUR CHILDISH RAVING
STAND IN MY WAY? I
...I WISH YOU
WERE DEAD!

INSTANTLY...

CRAK!

OH-
HH!

SHE...SHE'S DEAD...AND MY WISH
KILLED HER! BUT...BUT I JUST BLURTED
OUT THOSE WORDS WITHOUT MEANING
THEM...I NEVER WANTED HER TO DIE...
SHE'S ALL I EVER LOVED! AND NOW I'VE LOST
HER...BECAUSE I UNWITTINGLY USED THE
TERRIBLE POWER MARZO CONFERRED ON
ME! SHE'S GONE...
FOREVER!

WAIT...NOT FOREVER! I'VE
STILL GOT TWO MORE WISHES
...I CAN USE ONE OF THEM
TO...



JUST ONE WISH LEFT...
AND WITH IT, I CAN ASK FOR
THE SECRET I NEED TO PER-
FECT MY ATOMIC ENGINE...
THE SECRET I'VE HUNGERED
FOR, THE ONE THAT WILL MAKE
ME THE RICHEST AND MOST
POWERFUL
MAN IN THE
WORLD!

I...I CAN SEE I WAS
WRONG IN ASKING YOU
TO STOP MARZO...YOUR
GREED IS GREATER THAN
YOUR CONCERN FOR
HUMANITY! GO AHEAD,
THEN...USE YOUR
LAST WISH FOR WHAT-
EVER YOU WANT! GAIN
YOUR WEALTH AND POWER...
BUT LOSE ME...BECAUSE
I...I'M GOING OUT THERE
TO DIE WITH ALL
THE OTHERS!

NO, MARY... **WAIT!** I...I REMEMBER
WHAT IT MEANT TO HAVE LOST YOU
ONCE... I COULDN'T GO ON LIVING
WITHOUT YOU, WITHOUT YOUR LOVE!
YOU...YOU'VE MADE ME REALIZE
WHAT'S **REALLY** IMPORTANT IN
LIFE...NOT WEALTH OR POWER...
BUT **LOVE AND HUMANITY!**
I'LL USE MY LAST WISH TO
STOP
MARZO!

OH...
DON!

**TURN BACK, TIME, TO BEFORE
I RELEASED MARZO FROM HIS
STONE COFFIN IN MYSTIC MANOR!**
LET HIM BE STILL A PRISONER...
SO THAT ALL THE DEATH
AND DESTRUCTION HE
CAUSED WILL BE UNDONE,
AS IF IT HAD NEVER
HAPPENED!

CONSTANTLY...

YAAAGHH!

HE...HE VANISHED
...YOU DID IT,
DON!

YES, AND THE CITY'S INTACT, AND
ALL THE PEOPLE ARE ALL RIGHT...
EVERYTHING IS JUST THE WAY IT WAS,
AS IF MARZO NEVER ACTUALLY WENT
ON HIS RAMPAGE! AND SINCE THE
DESTRUCTION HE CAUSED WAS ALL
UNDONE, AS IF IT NEVER EVEN
HAPPENED, THE MEMORY OF IT
WILL BE WIPE OUT OF PEOPLE'S
MINDS...NO ONE WILL REMEMBER
MARZO, EXCEPT
US!

YES, HE'S SECURELY IMPRISONED
IN HIS STONE COFFIN AGAIN,
BACK IN MYSTIC MANOR...
AND WE'LL MAKE SURE
THAT HE **STAYS**
THERE!

RIGHT, DARLING! I
DON'T REALLY CARE
ABOUT THOSE WASTED
THREE WISHES NOW...
AS LONG AS I HAVE
YOU!

(The End!)
10.

ALL
NEW!

WALT DISNEY 8 COMIC BOOKS!

FOR ONLY

15¢

AND ONE
WHEATIES BOXTOP



THEY'RE
POCKET SIZE!

DONALD
DUCK and the
Inca Idol
by WALT DISNEY

USE THE QUICK
ORDER BLANK ON
YOUR WHEATIES BOX



Gus and Jaq
SAVE
THE SHIP
WALT DISNEY



DONALD
DUCK in
the
OST LAKE
WALT DISNEY



AND 24 MORE NEW BOOKS
READY NOW! SEE YOUR
WHEATIES BOX FOR DETAILS!

Monsieur WEREWOLF

AH, COME IN, come in," the old man said, peering out from under enormous eyebrows at the visitor at his door. "No one ever seems to come up this lonely mountain to visit me anymore, and strangers pass by only too infrequently. The last one passed by here more than three weeks ago...and ever since then, I've been rather hungry for...er, conversation and news of the village below."

The visitor took his hat off and followed the old man into the ancient-looking house. "I'm not really a stranger just passing idly by," he said. "I came here expressly to see you, sir. You see, I'm a student at Heidelberg University, studying for my doctorate in Occultology. In the course of writing my dissertation on lycanthropy, I came across your name as the author of some extraordinarily curious books on werewolves. So I decided to look you up and ask you where you got all the information and source material.

"But I must confess I had a devilishly hard time finding out where you live. As soon as I mentioned the name of Monsieur Jacques Turenne, all the villagers down below fled from me as if I'd asked for Satan himself. It was only when I cornered one little lad and promised to buy him all the sweets he could eat, that I learned you lived atop this mountain."

The old man smiled, revealing a perfect set of white, gleaming teeth that seemed incongruous in a face as old and sagging as his. "We explorers of the occult must expect such treatment from the masses, mustn't we?" he said. "But come into my study. I'll show you what the superstitious fools are so afraid of."

Inside the study, M. Turenne took out a strangely shaped bottle from a drawer and

shook the vile green liquid it contained. "See...this is what they fear. They think it's a magical liquid that can turn anyone into a werewolf! Actually, it's merely a mixture of eleoselinum, aconitum, frondes populeae, sium, pentaphyllum, uespertiliois sanguis and solanum somniferum."

"Mnn," the visitor murmured. "That means it's composed of hemlock, aconite, poplar leaves, cowbane, cinquefoil, bat's blood and deadly nightshade. But how do the superstitious villagers think it's supposed to work?"

Jacques Turenne laughed this time, revealing incisor teeth that were strangely elongated and pointed, almost like a wolf's. Dipping his hands into the bottle, he said, "They believe that if anyone smears his hands with it, like this...and then rubs the concoction across his face, like this...then one is transformed into a werewolf, with an insatiable desire to kill!"

The visitor shuddered involuntarily. "Well, obviously it doesn't work...you're still Jacques Turenne. But it is an interesting belief. I think I'll just jot the details down in my notebook, in case I want to mention it in my thesis."

Bending low over his notebook, the student of occultology didn't notice the sudden change that overtook Turenne, and he didn't even bother to look up as the old man started to speak. "Oh, I neglected to tell you something else," the werewolf said. "It takes a few moments for the mixture to take effect! And now..."

The visitor turned at the hideous animal snarl behind him. For one horrified moment he stared at the awful half-man, half-wolf shape before him...and by the time he turned to flee, it was already too late, for the fangs were at his throat.

TIS MIDNIGHT, READER, AND A BANSHEE WIND WALES AMID THE TOSSING TREETOPS! ACROSS THE PALLID MOON DRIFTS THE EERIE SHADOW OF-- A BAT! HERE'S AS STRANGE AND GRIPPING A STORY AS YOU'VE EVER READ-- THE STORY OF A LOST SOUL-- THE TALE OF A VAMPIRE LOVE YOU'LL REMEMBER FOREVER!

LOVE OF A VAMPIRE



YES, IT ALL STARTED INNOCENTLY ENOUGH: A HONEYMOON COUPLE, CONFIDENT OF A LIFE OF HAPPINESS BEFORE THEM; LITTLE DID THEY REALIZE THAT THIS WAS A FATEFUL MOMENT-- THAT BEFORE THEM LOOMED NIGHT-MARE TRAGEDY!



HERE'S YOUR ROOM, AND I TRUST YOU'LL BE VERY COMFORTABLE! GOOD NIGHT-- AND PLEASANT DREAMS, MRS. CUMMINGS!

I-- I WISH WE HADN'T STOPPED HERE! THERE'S SOMETHING-- EVIL ABOUT THAT OLD MAN!



BUT THERE WAS SOMETHING ABOUT THAT GHOSTLY MOON THAT TERRIFIED BETH! SOMETHING--



SOMETHING HORRIBLE! PROPHETIC WORDS-- FOR IN THE WEIRD HUSH OF MIDNIGHT, A GREAT BAT WHEELED CLOSER-- CLOSER--





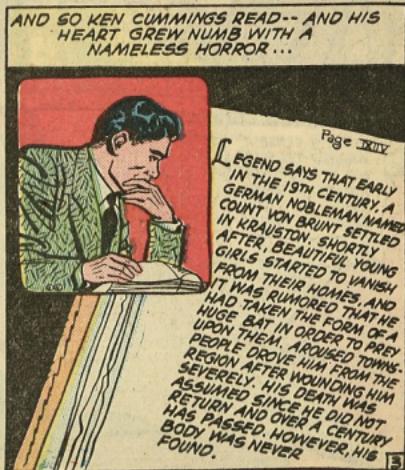
THE POLICE
CAME--
SEARCHED--
ASKED
QUESTIONS--
ALL FRUITLESSLY!
WAS IT KEN'S
IMAGINATION
--OR DID
THEY DISPLAY
A STRANGE
SUSPICION--
A STRANGER FEAR?



FOLLOWED DREARY, CAREWORN DAYS OF WAITING,
AND STILL NO WORD! FINALLY, AT POLICE
HEADQUARTERS...



KEN SOUGHT OUT THE DETECTIVE AT THE LIBRARY...



WITHIN KEN'S MIND GREW THE MEMORY OF AN OLD MAN CAPTIVATED BY BETH'S BEAUTY-- OF A STRANGE CLAW! IT COULDN'T BE-- BUT--

IT'S-- INCREIBLE! HANS BRUNT-- THE NIGHT MANAGER-- AND COUNT VON BRUNT-- WHO VANISHED OVER A CENTURY AGO! A-- A VAMPIRE! BUT THAT WOULD EXPLAIN THE STRANGE FEAR THE POLICE SHOWED! WELL, IF THEY WON'T DO ANYTHING ABOUT IT, I WILL! I'LL FIND BETH IF IT'S THE LAST THING I DO!



BACK AT THE HOTEL...

HOW DARE YOU BREAK INTO MY ROOM THIS WAY? GET OUT-- OR I'LL CALL THE POLICE!

THAT BANDAGE ON YOUR FINGER, BRUNT-- DOES IT CONCEAL A MISSING FINGERNAIL? GO AHEAD AND CALL THE POLICE-- MAYBE THEY'LL RETURN A CLAW THAT FITS!



AND THIS HANDKERCHIEF ON THE TABLE-- BETH'S! HOW DO YOU EXPLAIN THAT?

I-- I FOUND IT-- I WAS GOING TO TAKE IT TO HEADQUARTERS! WHAT ARE YOU ACCUSING ME OF, YOUNG MAN?



I'M ACCUSING YOU-- COUNT VON BRUNT-- OF THE ABDUCTION OF MY WIFE-- AND HER PROBABLE MURDER! MAYBE I HAVEN'T GOT ANY REAL EVIDENCE, BUT WHEN I GIVE THE POLICE THESE EXTRA FACTS IN THE MORNING, THEY MAY COME UP WITH ENOUGH TO HANG YOU!



THAT NIGHT, KEN'S SLEEP WAS TROUBLED! ODD, NIGHTMARE VISIONS FLITTED THROUGH HIS TORTURED MIND! AND, FLITTING CAME A VISION THAT WAS REAL-- THE AWFUL SHAPE OF A HUGE BAT!



A SIXTH SENSE WARNED THE SLEEPING MAN, BROUGHT HIM TO WAKEFULNESS-- IN THE NICK OF TIME!

HOLY HANNAH! THAT THING-- IT-- IT'S MONSTROUS!





THROUGH A THICK AND GLOOMY FOREST THE TRAIL LED, THROUGH SWAMP, LAND AND GLADE; FINALLY, KEN SAW OLD BRUNT DIS-APPEAR INTO A RUINED, DESERTED OLD MANSION THAT SEEMED TO BREATHE FORTH THE AURA OF THE UNKNOWN -- OF DEATH ITSELF!



INSIDE, A MAZE OF CRUMBLING CORRIDORS AND COBWEBBED CHAMBERS -- WITH A DARK MENACE BROODING OVERALL!



ROOM AFTER ROOM -- NOTHING! AND FINALLY, IN A VAULTED CHAMBER DEEP WITHIN THE OLD PILE, KEN FOUND -- TRAGEDY!



BEHIND HIM, THERE ECHOED A CACKLING DEMONIAC LAUGH! IT WAS THE MAN HE HAD FOLLOWED -- BUT HOW CHANGED! THIS WAS A DEVIL OUT OF THE DEAD PAST! THIS WAS COUNT VON BRUNT-- VAMPIRE!

SO-- NOW YOU KNOW! AND BEFORE I KILL YOU, YOU'LL KNOW THE POWER OF A VAMPIRE! FOR YOU -- YOUR WIFE IS DEAD! BUT FOR ME, SHE'LL RISE AT MY COMMAND! WATCH!



1. CRISP ORDER-- A COMMANDING GESTURE--
AND A DREADFUL RESULT! FOR THE STILL,
COLD FORM STIRS-- RISES!

BETH-- BETH! YOU'RE
NOT DEAD! TELL
ME YOU'RE
NOT!



YOU'RE TOO LATE, FOOL! SHE'S
DEAD-- AND ALREADY A
VAMPIRE LIKE MYSELF!
TONIGHT SHE WILL ASSUME HER
BAT'S SHAPE-- AND GO FORTH
TO SEARCH FOR PREY!
AND NOTHING
YOU CAN DO
CAN STOP
HER!

BUT OF WHAT USE RAW COURAGE-- AGAINST
THE SUPERNATURAL? WITH AN AWFUL
STRENGTH OUT OF THE UNKNOWN, THE
VAMPIRE STRUCK A MORTAL BLOW!

I'LL STOP IT-- BY RIPING
YOU APART WITH MY BARE
HANDS!



DIE, YOU FOOL!

OH-HH!



DOWN WENT THE FATALLY-WOUNDED MAN,
CLUTCHING AT THE METAL CHAIN THAT EN-
GIRLED HIS WIFE'S WAIST! IT SNAPPED,
CAME LOOSE IN HIS HAND--



THIS CHAIN-- MADE
OF PURE SILVER-- THE
ONLY METAL THAT CAN
KILL A VAMPIRE!
OH, GIVE ME STRENGTH--
GIVE ME
STRENGTH!



IT WAS A STRENGTH BORN OF DESPERATION--
OF LOVE! DYING, KEN FLUNG HIMSELF ON
THE SURPRISED VON BRUNT-- AND--

I-- CAN'T LIVE-- BUT I'LL--
TAKE YOU WITH ME!

YES, THE SILVER CHAIN DID ITS WORK WELL-- AND
TIME CLAIMED THE MOULDERING BODY OF VON
BRUNT! AND AS THE VAMPIRE DREW HIS
LAST BREATH--



OH, BETH, BETH, YOU
HEAR-- YOU UNDER-
STAND! TAKE ME--
IN YOUR ARMS!
ONE LAST KISS
BEFORE I-- I--
IT'S-- TOO LATE!
YOU'RE DYING-- AND
I'M CONDEMNED TO A
LIVING DEATH AS A
VAMPIRE-- FOREVER!
GOODBYE, DARLING--
GOODBYE!



THEN IT WAS THAT THE CURSE OF THE VAMPIRE
TOOK EFFECT, AND WHAT HAD ONCE BEEN A
LOVELY WOMAN BECAME-- A FLITTING BAT!
WAS IT TOO LATE-- WAS BETH EMBARKED ON
HER GRISLY MISSION? NO! THE REMNANTS
OF A HUMAN HEART SURGING STRONGLY WITHIN
HER, SHE SOARED TO THE VAULTED CEILING!
THEN, IN A SINGLE, SWIFT, SUICIDAL PLUNGE,
SHE CRASHED DOWNWARDS-- JOINING HER
HUSBAND IN EVERLASTING DEATH!



AND THUS IT WAS THAT TRUE LOVE CONQUERED
THE VAMPIRE'S EVIL, AND EMERGED TRI-
UMPHANT. NOW, FINALLY, THE SOULS OF
BETH AND KEN WERE AT PEACE AND THEY
FACED ETERNITY-- TOGETHER-- THE END
FOR ALWAYS!

THE END



GET SWELL GIFTS...SAVE BAGS WITH POLKA DOTS!

...or any "on-a-stick" confection bag that reads: "POPSICLE PETE" & "SAVE THESE BAGS FOR GIFTS"

#24 CANDID CAMERA
New candid camera with view-finder. Snapshots or time roll. Also takes color film. Easy to work.
525 BAGS or \$1.10 & 25 BAGS

#34 STRING OF PEARLS
Exotic string of simulated pearls, 17" long with fashionable clasp.
80 BAGS or 20¢ & 10 BAGS

#5 SNAKE CHARMER RING
3 coiled snakes each with glowing eyes. A lucky charm that fits any finger.
50 BAGS or 15¢ & 10 BAGS

**GET THESE VALUABLE GIFTS
and many more...ask for
GIANT GIFT LIST FREE**
at your local drug store
or write to address nearest you

POPSICLE PETE'
Dept. I - P.O. Box 678
New York 46, N.Y.
2744 East 11 St., Los Angeles 23, Cal.
313 N. Highland Ave., N.E., Atlanta, Ga.

"POPSICLE PETE", "POPSICLE", "FUDGSICLE", "CREAMSICLE", AND "DREAMSICLE" are registered trade marks of the JOE LOWE CORPORATION, N.Y. 1, N.Y. This offer is limited to the U.S. and possessions, and is void and not extended in any locality where redemption or issuance thereof is prohibited, or where any tax, license, or other restriction is imposed upon redemption or issuance. Any of the above premiums may be discontinued without notice.

From YOUR EDITOR-to YOU!

GREETINGS, ALL YOU fans of the great *Supernatural*---special greetings, since this is the first time that we're meeting in the pages of a brand-new, actionful and challenging magazine. Welcome to "Forbidden Worlds"---and may our friendship be both long and rewarding!

As friends-to-be, we can talk plainly. So let's start off by saying that this isn't just another magazine. It's a *special* kind of publication---for *special* people! For a long time, your editor has known that the dread realm of the *Unknown* exercised a magnetic fascination over thinking people---that the Supernatural thronged with thrills and chills that challenged the imagination as does no other subject. It was this thought that gave rise to the creation of our great companion magazine, "*Adventures Into The Unknown*". And the astounding success of this original publication left no room for doubt. This was what the public wanted---and we gave it to them! We delved deeply into weird and eerie subjects---came up with strange, fascinating stories that packed an out-of-the-world punch---and fans flocked to our bandwagon! They demanded greater frequency of issue, and we gave it to them in the shape of a hard-hitting and thrilling monthly magazine. But this wasn't enough---they cried out for a companion publication to "*Adventures Into The Unknown*"---and now we're providing it in the form of "*Forbidden Worlds*"!

So here it is---your own special magazine---chockful of the very thrilling fare we've learned you want! We *dare* you to read each and every issue of this startling new publication---to venture into forbidden, *Unknown* worlds! And as you read, you'll watch the Supernatural come alive! You'll meet ghosts, zombies, werewolves, vam-

pires---you'll chill to black magic from beyond life itself---you'll gasp at stranger things than ever the mind of man conceived!

A tall order? Maybe---but we've got the know-how to deliver! Read the stories in this issue, and let them speak for themselves. There's "*Demon of Destruction*", one of the most imaginative and spine-chilling stories in years, and a sample of the type of fare we'll try to bring you. There's "*Love of A Vampire*", a thrilling adventure into old folk-lore guaranteed to keep you glued to the edge of your seat. There's "*The Way of the Werewolf*", which plummets you into a gasp-laden epic of supernatural exploit. And let's not overlook "*The Monster Doll*", an eerie and challenging effort you won't soon forget! These and others make up our first issue---from us---to *you*!

We hope that you'll like this initial attempt, as well as the others which will follow. But we'll have no way of knowing unless you tell us! Won't you please write us, informing us as to what stories you like, as well as those you don't go for? And let us know what you'd wish to see in future issues! Address your letters to:

*The Editor
Forbidden Worlds
45 West 45th Street
New York 19, N. Y.*

We'll reprint whatever letters space will allow in later issues. And until we meet again on this page, so long---from the magazine that *dares* to be different---that dares to *tell all!*

Don't miss our companion publication---"*Adventures Into The Unknown*"!

The WAY of the WEREWOLF



DO YOU CONSIDER THE UNKNOWN JUST A PASSING THRILL THAT CAN BE LEFT SAFELY IN THE SHADOWS AT MIDNIGHT... A GLIMPSE OF THE TERROR THAT HAS GRIPPED NAMELESS PEOPLE IN SOME TIMELESS AGE? THEN WAIT--WAIT FOR THE PARK HOUR THAT BRINGS ONDOOK... HIS FANGED MUZZLE RAISED IN A BAYING SUMMONS... HIS RED-RIMMED EYES LURING YOU TO THE WAY OF THE WEREWOLF!

ONE AFTERNOON... AT THE "DAILY HERALD"....

IM WONDERING... MAYBE WE CAN RING IN THAT WEIRD PLAGUE OF MAN-EATING WOLVES THAT ARE SWEEEPING THROUGH THE VILLAGES OF CENTRAL INDIA!

THE LACK OF SENSATIONAL NEWS MAKES THIS A NICE TOWN TO LIVE IN, ROY... BUT IT'S MURDER FOR A REPORTER TRYING TO DIG UP SOMETHING THAT'LL MAKE THE HEADLINES!



YOU KNOW, ROY... THAT'S AN ANGLE LOADED WITH QUESTION MARKS! HORRIBLE AS THOSE WOLF RAIDS ARE, THERE'S SOMETHING EVEN MORE SIGNIFICANT THAN PEOPLE BEING DRAGGED FROM THEIR BEDS--NAMELY, WHY HASN'T IT HAPPENED BEFORE?



SEE WHAT I MEAN? SINCE WOLVES DON'T DEVELOP INTO MAN-EATERS OVERNIGHT, IT'S ALMOST AS IF THEY'VE BEEN KEPT IN CHECK BY SOMETHING--AND ARE NOW GOING ON RAMPAGE BECAUSE THE OBSTACLE NO LONGER EXISTS!

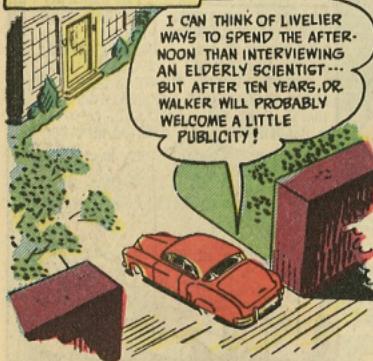
LOOK, CHUM...I'M NOT INTERESTED IN YOUR YEN FOR THE SUPER-NATURAL! WHAT I'VE GOT IN THE BACK OF MY MIND IS A LOCAL TIE-IN WITH THOSE WOLF ATTACKS--AND IT'S JUST COME TO ME! SEE WHETHER WEVE GOT ANYTHING FILED ON DR. AMBROSE WALKER!

THERE'S NOTHING ON DR. WALKER'S CARD BUT "INDIA, 1941---WOLVES!" DOES THAT RING A BELL?

I KNEW THERE'D BE SOME CONNECTION--BUT FOR THE LIFE OF ME, I CAN'T REMEMBER THE DETAILS! ANYWAY, LARRY---DROP AROUND AND GET DR. WALKER'S COMMENT ON THOSE PROWLING WOLVES---MAYBE IT'LL GIVE US SOMETHING TO WRAP A STORY AROUND!



A HALF-HOUR LATER...



I CAN THINK OF LIVELIER WAYS TO SPEND THE AFTERNOON THAN INTERVIEWING AN ELDERLY SCIENTIST---BUT AFTER TEN YEARS, DR. WALKER WILL PROBABLY WELCOME A LITTLE PUBLICITY!



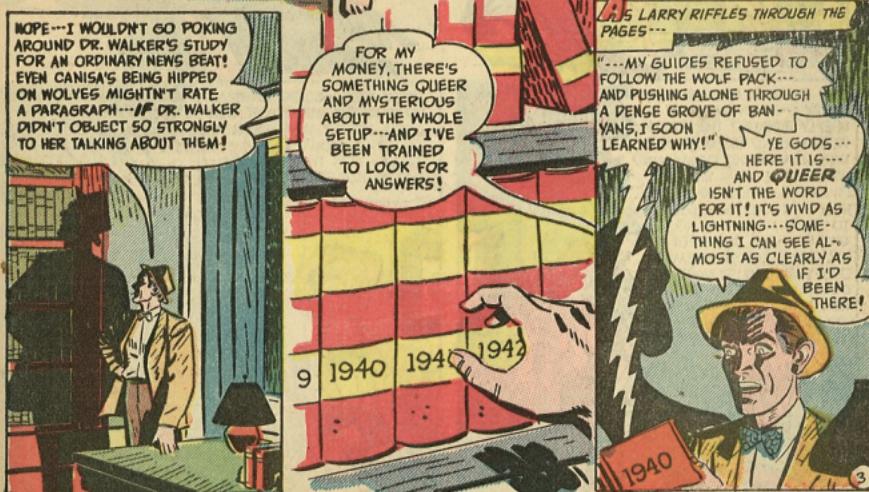
I WISH I HAD SOME EXCUSE TO INTERVIEW YOU INSTEAD OF YOUR FATHER---BUT AS IT IS, I DON'T THINK YOU'D GET MUCH OF A BANG OUT OF TALKING ABOUT WOLVES!

YOU MEAN YOU LIKE THEM, TOO? IF YOU ONLY KNEW HOW LONG I'VE WAITED TO FIND SOMEONE WHO DOES!



HONEY...I DON'T MEAN MY KIND OF WOLF! I'M TALKING ABOUT THE TYPE THAT BITE!

YEG---THE ONES MOST PEOPLE FEAR, AND ASSOCIATE WITH ALL SORTS OF HORRIBLE SUPERSTITIONS! I WISH I KNEW WHY I DON'T...BECAUSE I'VE ADORED THE CREATURES SINCE I WAS A CHILD---AND I EVEN DIMLY REMEMBER PRETENDING MY PLAY-MATES WERE WOLVES!



"THERE WAS A BURROW UNDER THE TOWERING ROOTS... AND FROM IT CAME A SOUND... HIGH PITCHED AND LIFELIKE!"

"IT'S INCREDIBLE... BUT THAT WAS A HUMAN VOICE! THERE'S A CHILD DOWN IN THAT HOLE!"



"A CHILD? YES, SHE SOUNDED LIKE ONE... SHE EVEN REMOTELY LOOKED LIKE ONE... BUT THE WRETCHED CREATURE I DREW FROM THE DEN FOUGHT WITH THE SAVAGERY OF A SNAPPING BEAST!"

"EASY... EASY... I CERTAINLY HOPE MY TONE QUIETS HER DOWN... BECAUSE LANGUAGE DOESN'T MEAN A THING TO HER!"

"ARRRRGH!"



"SOMETHING KEPT TELLING ME I HAD MADE A MISTAKE... AND THE FEELING MOUNTED WHEN I CARRIED HER, STRUGGLING, TO THE NEAREST VILLAGE!"

"TAKE HER BACK, SAHIB! LET HER BE CLAIMED BY HIM WHOSE MARK IS UPON HER!"



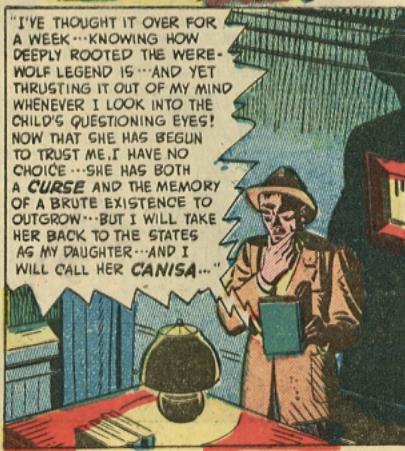
"YOU MEAN YOU'RE WILLING TO SEE THE LITTLE WRETCH STAY WITH WOLVES? IF SHE BEARS A MARK, IT'S FROM HUNGER AND PRIVATION... AND I'M GOING TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT! IT'S A DUTY... A DUTY TO A FELLOW HUMAN!"

"HOW MANY TIMES BEFORE HAD I LAUGHED AT SUPERSTITION... ONLY TO LISTEN NOW, IN THE PANTING DUSK, WITH A JAB OF TERROR?"

"NO, SAHIB... NOT HUMAN! A GIRL REARED AS BRIDE BY THE LEADER OF THE WEREWOLVES! THE WOLVES HATE THESE WEREWOLF FIENDS, AND WILL NOT APPROACH A VILLAGE AROUND WHICH THEY LURK!"



"I'VE THOUGHT IT OVER FOR A WEEK... KNOWING HOW DEEPLY ROOTED THE WERE-WOLF LEGEND IS... AND YET THRUSTING IT OUT OF MY MIND WHENEVER I LOOK INTO THE CHILD'S QUESTIONING EYES! NOW THAT SHE HAS BEGIN TO TRUST ME, I HAVE NO CHOICE... SHE HAS BOTH A CURSE AND THE MEMORY OF A BRUTE EXISTENCE TO OUTGROW... BUT I WILL TAKE HER BACK TO THE STATES AS MY DAUGHTER... AND I WILL CALL HER CANISA..."



"WOLVES... GOOD LORD... NO WONDER THE POOR OLD DEVIL DIDN'T WANT HER TALKING ABOUT THEM! AND AS FOR THAT WERE-WOLF NONSENSE..."





SOMETHING DREADFUL...DREADFUL BEYOND ANY WORDS...BEYOND ANY FORGETTING!

FOOL! TAKING HER FROM ME HAS COST YOU TEN YEARS OF NIGHTMARES...AND TRYING TO KEEP HER HAS COST YOU YOUR LIFE!

FATHER!

FRONT DOOR...FAST!

POW!

Then...WITH A HOWLING PURSUIT ECHOING THROUGH A CORRIDOR LADEN WITH DEATH...

AAOOO!
AAOOO!

SECONDS LATER...

ARRRGH!

POW!

WITH HIS FURRY FACE A MASK OF LIVING VENOM...

TWELVE THOUSAND MILES FROM INDIA...AND STILL ONDON FOUND HER! HOW FAR CAN YOU TAKE HER...HOW LONG CAN YOU FLEE...BEFORE ONDON FINDS HER AGAIN?

FATHER...FATHER!
WHAT DO THOSE HIDEOUS FIENDS WANT...WHY DID THEY KILL HIM?

THERE'S NO USE LOOKING FOR REASONS CANIGA...IT HAPPENED!
WHAT MATTERS NOW IS THAT YOU'VE GOT TO BEAR UP...GO THAT NOTHING ELSE HAPPENS!

THEN IT **WASN'T**
JUST A CHANCE OUTBURST
OF EVIL? THOSE CREATURES
REALLY ARE SEARCHING
...FOR ME?

HONEY...IT'S WILD,
AND CRAZY, AND FAN-
TASTIC...BUT THAT'S
THE WAY IT STACKS
UP! FINDING A WAY TO
FORESTALL THOSE CREEPS
IS GOING TO KEEP ME
BUSY FOR THE REST OF
THE NIGHT--AND MEAN-
WHILE, I WANT YOU TO
STAY PUT AT MY
PLACE!



SOON AFTERWARD...

IF HE'S IN SUCH A PLACE
AS THE SPIRIT WORLD...
DR. WALKER CAN BE HAPPY
FOR HAVING DONE A GOOD
JOB! SHE DOESN'T REMEMBER
...SHE DOESN'T KNOW WHY
ONDOK IS AFTER HER...
AND SHE'LL NEVER LEARN
FROM ME!

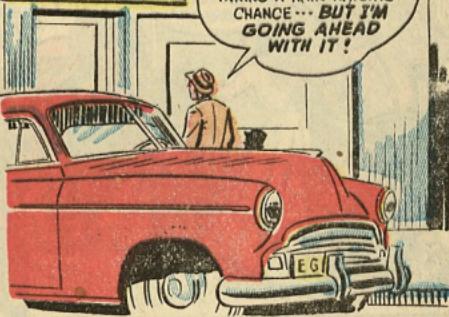


WOLVES RUNNING WILD IN INDIA...AND WERE-
WOLVES STALKING AROUND **HERE**? I WAS
LOOKING FOR THE ANSWER TO THAT WAVE OF
MAN-EATING WHEN I TALKED TO ROY TODAY...
AND I'VE FOUND IT IN DR. WALKER'S JOURNAL!
THE WOLVES ARE FREE TO RAID VILLAGES,
NOW...**BECAUSE THE WEREWOLVES**
HAVE LEFT INDIA TO HUNT DOWN
CANISA!



HERALD BUILDING

CAN I PUT ANY
STOCK IN WHAT THAT
NATIVE SAID...THAT
WOLVES HATE THESE
FIENDS? IT'LL MEAN
TAKING A HAIR-RAISING
CHANCE...BUT I'M
GOING AHEAD
WITH IT!



YOU MUST BE CLEAN
WORN OUT AFTER KEEP-
ING ME HERE ALL NIGHT
WAITING FOR A ROUTINE
STORY, PAL! IS THERE
ANY LITTLE FAVOR YOU'D
LIKE TO ASK BEFORE
YOU'RE FIRED?

YEP! I WANT YOU TO
LEND ME AN ARTIST TO
MAKE A SKETCH I CAN
TAKE TO A COSTUME
COMPANY--AND THEN
I WANT YOU TO BOOK
ME WITH THE CITY
ENGINEER FIRST
THING IN THE MORN-
ING!



THE FOLLOWING NIGHT...

IT DOESN'T
MATTER ANY
LONGER **WHY**
THEY'RE COMING
...IF I ONLY KNEW
WHEN!

SUPPOSE YOU LET **ME**
WORRY ABOUT THAT? TRY
TO GET SOME REST,
CANISA...AND REMEMBER
...YOU PROMISED TO
COUNT ON ME NO
MATTER **WHAT**
HAPPENS!



SLOW THOUGHTS MERGE WITH SLOW HOURS...AND THEN...THE DARKNESS STIRS WITH A SLOW APPROACH!

O.K., ONDOK...YOU'VE KEPT YOUR WORD...YOU'VE LED THEM HERE! NOW, BUSTER...THE REST OF THE WAY IS UP TO ME!



A MOMENT LATER...

OHH!

KEEP YOUR CHIN UP, HONEY...IT'S ME! HERE'S WHERE YOU'VE GOT TO PUT A BRAKE ON YOUR NERVES...BECAUSE WE'RE GOING TO FACE THEM!

Then...AS THE HIDEOUS PROWLERS DRAW CLOSER...

ONDOK! I PROWLED AHEAD, MASTER...FOR THE HONOR OF CAPTURING YOUR WEREWOLF BRIDE!



ANH...LET ME CLAIM HER NOW! LET ME STIR HER MEMORY OF A FORGOTTEN PAST...LET ME REMIND HER OF THE MARK OF ONDOK!

WE MUST REACH A PLACE OF SAFETY FIRST! FOLLOW ME, ONDOK! TONIGHT I BROUGHT YOU HER...AND TONIGHT I WILL BRING YOU BOTH TO A HAVEN WHERE HORROR CAN RULE!



THROUGH THE QUIET STREETS...WITH SHADED WINDOWS STARING BLANKLY AT THE SHAGGY WAYFARERS...

THIS IS THE WAY, ONDOK! THERE IS HOLLOW SILENCE BELOW...AND COLD SLIME GLISTENING IN THE MURKY MILES!



A HALF-HOUR LATER...

I...I'M TRYING TO KEEP MY PROMISE, LARRY...BUT MY KNEES ARE BEGINNING TO BUCKLE!

HONEY...YOU'VE GOT TO STEAL YOURSELF FOR THE PAYOFF! IT WON'T BE LONG NOW...JUST A FEW MORE YARDS!



LARRY...I CAN'T
DO IT! I CAN'T
STAY WITH THEM!

THERE'S NO CHOICE,
SWEETHEART...UNLESS
YOU WANT TO STAY WITH
THEM PERMANENTLY!

WHAT A LAIR WE
HAVE FOUND...WHAT
A NIGHT OF SUR-
PRISES!

YES,
ONDOK...
**WHAT A
LAIR...AND
WHAT A
SURPRISE!**

UNEXPECTEDLY...

YE GODS
...MY
MASK!

A-HAA!

PLOP!

AS LARRY REACHES DESPER-
ATELY TOWARD THE TRAP DOOR ...

ARRRGH!

O.K., FREAKS...
THE MASQUERADE'S
OVER...BUT THE
PARTY'S JUST
BEGINNING!

CANIS!
GRAB THE RAIL
...AND PULL
YOURSELF UP
TO THE CAT-
WALK!

POW!

WAM!



"U.S. ROYAL

WITH HIS
JET-PROPELLED BIKE



"BEATING THE
BEACH BARRAGE"

U.S. ROYAL AND THE BIKE CLUB BOYS WATCH FROM A SAFE DISTANCE AS A GROUP OF NAVY DESTROYERS AND CRUISERS STEAM IN FOR FIRING PRACTICE...



IN A FEW MOMENTS NOW, THE SHIPS WILL MOVE IN AT FLANK SPEED AND LAY DOWN A BARRAGE ON THAT DESERTED SHORE...

BUT SUDDENLY, THROUGH HIS GLASSES, ROYAL SEES THAT THE SHORE IS NOT QUITE DESERTED!



YOU FELLAS BIKE BACK TO THE NAVAL STATION FAST AND GET THEM TO WARN THOSE SHIPS! I'M GOING AFTER THAT KID IN THE MEANTIME...



WITH SUPER JET-SPEED, ROYAL STREAKS DOWN TO THE TARGET AREA AND --



PHEWW! LUCKY FOR US-I MADE IT, JUNIOR--'CAUSE IT LOOKS LIKE THE BOYS WERE TOO LATE!



JUST AS WE GOT TO THE RADIO-ROOM, WE HEARD THE FIRST SALVO!

YOU DID ALL RIGHT, BOYS... AND A TERRIBLE TRAGEDY WAS AVOIDED -- THANKS TO ROYAL!



ROYAL BIKE TIRES, YOU MEAN... THAT'S WHERE THE SPEED CAME IN!

FELLAS, FOR REAL SPEED, YOU WANT A TIRE THAT COMBINES SAFETY AND EASY PEDALING. TRY U.S. ROYALS, WITH THE SPECIAL BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN. THERE'S EXTRA MILEAGE IN THEM, TOO!



SPLIT-SECOND STOPS... FIRM FOOTING... AND PERFECT CONTROL ARE AT YOUR FOOT-TIPS WHEN YOU'RE RIDING ON U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES, WITH THE SPECIAL BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN. BE SURE YOUR NEXT TIRES ARE ROYALS!

U.S. ROYAL
BIKE TIRES



Products of
UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY

Vampires' VICTIM

THE TIMES just weren't right for vampires, Rudolf thought bitterly as he drove his car up the lonely country road. Yes, he should have been living in 1700 or 1800, when a vampire didn't have to fear the modern police methods of the 20th century. Back in the olden days, the friends and relatives of a vampire's victim would never dare dream of hunting out the vampire and seeking vengeance... instead, they'd merely bolt their doors and cower in terror in the darkness, praying that the vampire would not pick *them* as his next victims. But when policemen of 1951 came across the white corpse of a vampire's victim, all the resources of modern science and criminology were brought to bear on the case...and the poor vampire had to flee and skulk in his hideout like a common, despicable thief!

Even Rudolf, the most cautious and cunning vampire of recent years, was now a fugitive from the police of eighteen states. His fingerprints, footprints, even teeth-marks, were on file in practically every police headquarters. That was why Rudolf was now driving along the lonely country lane looking for a potential victim. No city or town was safe for him now, not with all those "WANTED" circulars flooding the centers of crime enforcement.

Yes, from now on, he knew, he would have to lead a fugitive's life, living only in the thinly-populated rural areas, where the local police were less informed

and efficient than their city colleagues. And he'd have to be very careful about his choice of victims...he'd have to rely on hoboes, wanderers, hitch-hikers...those without families or friends who would raise a hue and cry upon the disappearance or death of his victims.

Rudolf's burning, hungry eyes lit up suddenly as he spied the hitch-hiker down the road, thumbing for a ride. It was a girl... lovely and healthy-looking, with dark features and a flashing smile that showed strong white teeth.

"Hop in," Rudolf said as he pulled to a halt in front of her. "Visiting friends or relatives around here?"

The girl laughed, charmingly. "Oh, no...I have no friends or family...I'm just wandering around the country! But how about you...do you live around here?"

Rudolf smiled, an exultance welling up within his chest as he knew he had found the perfect victim...someone whose disappearance would not be noticed, whose death would not be mourned!

"No," he said, "I guess I'm a wanderer, just like you...we have at least that much in common. No family, no friends, no... Yaaagh!"

As the girl struck like a serpent, Rudolf knew, in his dying moment, that they had one *more* thing in common...and that he was about to become the victim of a vampire who had been wandering around the countryside for the same purpose!

"True" GHOSTS of HISTORY

The GHOSTLY ARMY
of BETHUNE

WE CAN'T STOP 'EM... BUT
WE'LL GO DOWN FIGHTING!
FIX BAYONETS!

EARLY IN 1918, THE GERMAN ARMIES MADE A LAST DESPERATE ATTACK NEAR THE SMALL BELGIAN TOWN OF BETHUNE... AND THE ALLIED LINES WERE SPLIT WIDE OPEN! ONLY A SMALL SQUAD OF BRITISH RIFLE-MEN WERE LEFT BEHIND TO STEM THE VAST HUN HORDES...



BUT SUDDENLY, AN ARMY OF GHOSTLY CAVALRY SEEMED TO APPEAR FROM NOWHERE IN FRONT OF THE GERMANS... AN ARMY CLAD IN WHITE, ALL MOUNTED ON WHITE HORSES WHOSE LEGS NEVER TOUCHED THE GROUND!

HIMMEL
... WAS
1ST?



WHILE THE KAISER'S MEN GAPED IN PETRIFIED ASTONISHMENT, THE GHOSTLY CAVALRY CHARGED!



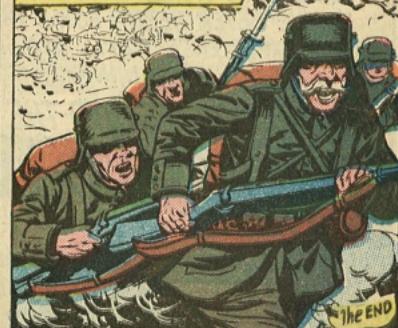
FINALLY REGAINING THEIR SENSES, THE GERMANS POURED A TERRIFIC CONCENTRATION OF SHELL AND SHOT INTO THE RANKS OF THE GHOSTLY RIDERS... BUT NOT A WHITE HORSEMAN FELL!

BLAM!

BOOM!



WHEN THE PRIDE OF THE KAISER'S ARMIES TURNED TAIL AND FLED IN SHEER TERROR... AND THE ALLIES WERE SAVED BY THE GHOSTLY ARMY OF BETHUNE! WERE THEY A FIGMENT OF THE FOG... OR...? NICK



Extra! GOOD NEWS!

"ADVENTURES INTO THE
UNKNOWN!"
...NOW PUBLISHED **MONTHLY!**



YOU'VE BESEECHED US, BOMBARD-
ED US WITH REQUESTS TO PUB-
LISH MORE FREQUENTLY...AND
NOW WE'VE DONE IT! YOU'LL
BE ABLE TO BUY AMERICA'S
FAVORITE MAGAZINE OF THE
SUPERNATURAL EVERY MONTH
NOW--WHICH MEANS TWICE AS
MUCH GOOD READING! TWICE
AS MANY THRILLS AND CHILLS
FROM THE CHALLENGING COMICS
MAGAZINE THAT'S TAKEN AMER-
ICA BY STORM! TWICE AS
MANY GASPS FROM A GRIP-
PING GALAXY OF GHOSTS,
VAMPIRES, WEREWOLVES,
ZOMBIES--PRESENTED EACH
MONTH FOR YOUR ENTER-
TAINMENT!

Read THIS GREAT MAGAZINE FOR
OUT-OF-THIS-WORLD WONDERS SUCH AS
YOU'VE NEVER SEEN...FOR A THRILL-
TIME EXPERIENCE YOU'LL REMEMBER
FOREVER! IT'S ALL IN---

"ADVENTURES INTO THE
UNKNOWN!"

Now published
MONTHLY. **10¢** ON ALL
STANDS

The MONSTER DOLL

I'VE COME FOR YOU,
MY LOVE! AND I'LL
GIVE YOU THE GIFT
OF ETERNAL
LIFE!

ALICE MCFLANE...
HANGED FOR
MURDER.
OCT. 11, 1858. MAY
GOD HAVE MERCY
ON HER SOUL.

OVER THE YEARS, A SHADOW
FELL ACROSS THE LIVES OF
MANY MEN... THE SINISTER,
SWAYING SHADOW OF A HAUNTED
WOMAN? ALWAYS IN ITS WAKE
CAME MADNESS AND DEATH!
WAS SHE SHADOW OR SUB-
STANCE? DID SHE LIVE... OR
WAS SHE SOME DREAD OREA-
TURE FROM OUT OF THE
UNKNOWN? IT REMAINED
FOR ONE MAN... TO HIS UN-
DYING SORROW... TO DIS-
COVER THE TRUTH ABOUT
**THE MONSTER
DOLL!**



OUR STORY BEGINS IN 1951... THE OFFICE
OF THE GOVERNOR OF AN EASTERN STATE...

SO... FELLOWES PUT THE BLANK
PARDON ON MY DESK AFTER
ALL! AFTER I TOLD HIM
PLAINLY THAT I HAVE NO
INTENTION OF PARDON-
ING THAT KILLER!

FELLOWES!
WILL YOU
STEP IN
HERE,
PLEASE?



FELLOWES! AS
CHAIRMAN OF THE
STATE PAROLE BOARD,
YOU SHOULD KNOW
THAT WHEN I REFUSE
A PARDON I MEAN
IT! THIS MAN IS
GUILTY AS...

MAYBE,
GOVERNOR!
BUT I'VE GOT
SOMETHING
HERE I
WANT YOU
TO SEE!

I THOUGHT PRESCOTT WAS GUILTY
...TILL I READ THIS! NOW I'M
NOT SO SURE! I THINK YOU
SHOULD LISTEN, SIR!

Diary
of
Dickson Prescott

WELL... NATURALLY
I WANT TO GIVE
THE MAN EVERY
CHANCE! BUT
HURRY... HE'S TO
DIE IN AN
HOUR!

THE WHOLE STORY
IS IN THIS DIARY, SIR!
I'VE INVESTIGATED IT,
AND IT'S UTTERLY
FANTASTIC... BUT IT
MIGHT BE TRUE!
LET'S GO BACK A
YEAR IN THE
ENTRIES...



JUST A YEAR AGO... AND WE SEE DICKSON PRESCOTT, BRILLIANT YOUNG SCIENTIST, TAKING A BUSMAN'S HOLIDAY...

GOOD AFTERNOON, DR. PRESCOTT! I'M SURPRISED TO SEE YOU HERE! I MEAN... WHAT WITH YOUR OWN ROBOTS...

NOT AT ALL, BILL! GOT TO KEEP UP, YOU KNOW! SEE WHAT THE OTHERS ARE DOING IN THE FIELD!

INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION OF ROBOTS



HMM... MIGHT AS WELL HAVE STAYED IN MY OWN LAB! NOT MUCH HERE THAT'S NEW IN THE FABRICATION OF ROBOTS!

EXCUSE ME, MISTER! COULD YA TELL ME SOMETHING, PLEASE?

THE THINKER MODEL B

WHO MADE THAT ONE, MISTER? GEE... AIN'T SHE SWELL? JUST AS LIFELIKE AS...

WHAT? I DON'T THINK I QUITE UNDERSTAND, YOUNG FELLOW! SHE'S NO ROBOT... BUT A BEAUTIFUL GIRL!

THANK YOU, DR. PRESCOTT! YOU'RE VERY GALLANT!... OH, YES, I KNOW WHO YOU ARE! YOU SEE... I'M INTERESTED IN ROBOTS MYSELF!



HUH? SHE CERTAINLY IS, SON! NOW SHE IS REAL!

SHE CERTAINLY IS, SON! NOW YOU'D BETTER RUN ALONG WHILE I MAKE OUR APOLOGIES!

NO APOLOGIES NECESSARY, DR. PRESCOTT... IF YOU'LL PROMISE TO SHOW ME ABOUT! MY NAME IS JANE CROTHERS!

INTERESTING... BUT A LITTLE CRUDE, DON'T YOU THINK? MORE PRIMITIVE THAN I EXPECTED!

PRIMITIVE? BUT MISS CROTHERS... JANE... THESE ARE THE VERY LATEST IN THINKING MACHINES AND ROBOTS! BUT MAYBE YOU'VE SEEN TOO MANY ROBOTS... HOW ABOUT DINNER?

SO...

YOU KNOW SOMETHING, JANE... I'M AWFULLY GLAD I WENT TO THAT EXHIBIT TODAY! I WENT TO SEE ROBOTS... AND FOUND YOU!

AND DO YOU KNOW SOMETHING, DICKSON... I FEEL EXACTLY THE SAME WAY!



A FEW WEEKS LATER, DICKSON PRESCOTT AND JANE CROTHERS WERE MARRIED! AFTER THE HONEYMOON...

IT'S BACK TO WORK FOR ME, DARLING! AFTER ALL, THE CYBERNETICS FOUNDATION EXPECTS RESULTS ON THE ROBOTS I DEVE!

AND AT LAST I GET TO SEE THIS MYSTERIOUS MOUNTAIN LABORATORY OF YOURS!

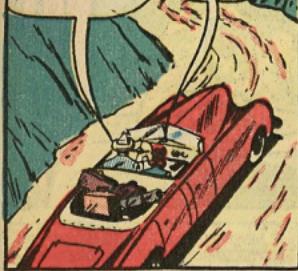
DOCTOR PRESCOTT! DICKSON! OH, I'M SO GLAD YOU'RE BACK!

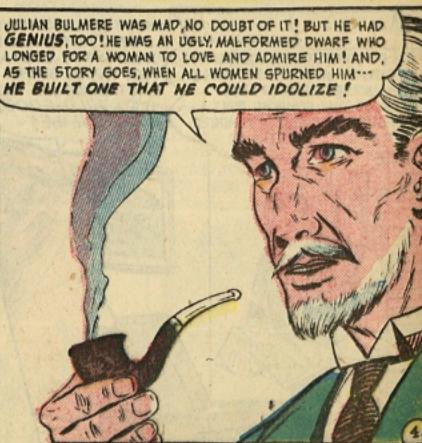
HELLO, SUE! THIS IS MY WIFE, JANE!

DICKSON TALKS ABOUT YOU ALL THE TIME, SUE! SAYS HE COULDN'T RUN THE LAB WITHOUT HIS IN-VALUABLE ASSISTANT!

I ALMOST FORGOT TO TELL YOU, DICKSON! THIS LETTER CAME SOME TIME AGO! IT LOOKS IMPORTANT... BUT I DIDN'T WANT TO DISTURB YOUR HONEYMOON!

LET'S SEE IT, SUE!





BUT HE NEEDED A WOMAN'S BODY TO SERVE AS THE FRAMEWORK FOR THIS STRANGE DEVICE HE HAD PLANNED! A HANGED MURDERESS ANSWERED THAT NEED!"

THERE, MY LOVELY! MY GENIUS WILL MAKE YOU LIVE AGAIN... I SWEAR IT!

THEY WOULD HANG ME TOO IF THEY CAUGHT ME! BUT THEY WON'T! THE FOOLS... HOW COULD THEY GUESS WHAT I'M GOING TO DO?

NOW TO GET BACK TO THE CITY AND MY LABORATORY! AND IF I SUCCEED... BUT I WILL! I MUST!



"LATER THAT NIGHT, ACCORDING TO BULMERE'S NOTES, HE BEGAN HIS FANTASTIC EXPERIMENT..."

SOON NOW, MY DEAR! SOON! AND THEN POOR, MAD, UGLY JULIAN BULMERE WILL HAVE AN INCOMPARABLE COMPANION! ONE WHO CAN NEVER LEAVE HIM... NEVER!



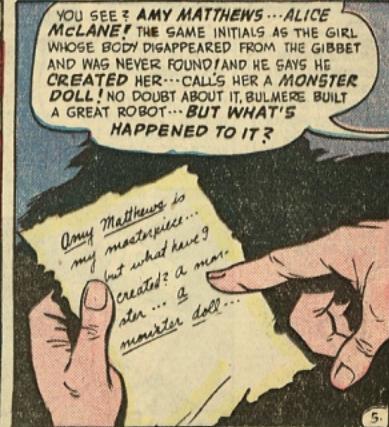
I NEVER TIRED OF THAT STORY! BUT I ALWAYS THOUGHT IT WAS JUST THAT... A STORY WRITTEN BY A MADMAN TO AMUSE HIMSELF!

SO DID WE ALL... AND IT STILL MAY BE THE CASE! BUT I HAVE POSITIVE PROOF NOW THAT BULMERE DID WORK IN ELECTRONICS, IN THINKING MACHINES... WORK THAT WAS FAR BEYOND HIS TIME! NOW, TAKE THIS NEXT NOTATION OF HIS THAT I DISCOVERED...



YOU SEE? AMY MATTHEWS... ALICE MCCLANE! THE SAME INITIALS AS THE GIRL WHOSE BODY DISAPPEARED FROM THE GIBBET AND WAS NEVER FOUND! AND HE SAYS HE CREATED HER... CALLS HER A MONSTER DOLL! NO DOUBT ABOUT IT, BULMERE BUILT A GREAT ROBOT... BUT WHAT'S HAPPENED TO IT?

*Amy Matthews is
my masterpiece...
but what have I
created? a man-
ster... a
monster doll...*



THERE WERE OTHER PROOFS... EYEWITNESS REPORTS THAT BULMERE BEGAN TO BE SEEN WITH A GIRL WHO APPARENTLY HAD APPEARED FROM NOWHERE..."

SEE! THAT UGLY BULMERE HAS A SWEETHEART AT LAST!

THE NASTY LITTLE CREATURE! HOW CAN SHE ABIDE HIM?

I WONDER WHO SHE IS?

"THEN CAME RUMORS OF QUARRELS, BITTERNESS..."

YOU... YOU FILTHY LITTLE CREATURE! I HATE YOU... AND I'M GOING TO LEAVE YOU!

DON'T TRY IT, MY DEAR! YOU'RE MINE... ALL MINE, AND I'LL NEVER LET YOU GO! YOU KNOW WHAT I CAN DO TO YOU IF I CHOOSE!

"AND THEN... TRAGEDY! FOR BULMERE WAS FOUND DEAD ONE DAY... MURDERED!"

LOOKS AS THOUGH THE GIRL TRIED TO BURN ALL HIS PAPERS, SIR! NOT A VERY GOOD JOB OF IT, THOUGH!

NEVER MIND THE PAPERS, M'LAD! FINDING THAT GIRL IS THE THING! AND SHE'S VANISHED LIKE A GHOST!

SO THERE IT IS, DICKSON! EYE-WITNESS ACCOUNTS, BULMERE'S CHARRED NOTES, MY DISCOVERY THAT HE WAS THE EARLIEST ELECTRONIC EXPERT... ALL POINT TO THE FACT THAT HE REALLY BUILT A GREAT ROBOT... **A MONSTER DOLL!** IT DISAPPEARED... BUT THROUGH THE YEARS, IT'S LEFT A TRAIL! **LOOK!**

BBBB WAS THE LAST REPORT... AND THEN THE TRAIL PETERED OUT! I SUPPOSE THAT MURDEROUS ROBOT HAS LONG SINCE CEASED TO EXIST... BUT IF YOU WANT TO TAKE UP THE HUNT FOR IT...

DO IT!

STRANGE FEELING THAT, SOMEWHERE, IT STILL EXISTS... **AND I'LL TRACK DOWN BULMERE'S MONSTER DOLL IF IT'S THE LAST THING I DO!**

FOR A MONTH DICKSON PRESCOTT DOGGEDLY PURSUED THE ELUSIVE SHADOW OF A DEADLY WOMAN ROBOT ACROSS EUROPE! BUT ALWAYS THE TRAIL ENDED IN A BLANK WALL! FINALLY, DISCOURAGED, HE GAVE UP THE HUNT, RETURNED TO GLASGOW...

I GAVE IT A GOOD TRY ALAN, BUT I'M AFRAID WE'LL NEVER KNOW THE TRUTH NOW! THE WOMAN, OR ROBOT, OR WHATEVER SHE WAS, JUST DISAPPEARED INTO THIN AIR! AND I MUST GET BACK TO MY JOB AND WIFE!

I SUPPOSE YOU'RE RIGHT! BUT IT'S MADDENING NOT TO FIND THE CONCRETE PROOF THAT BULMERE REALLY SUCCEEDED IN MAKING A ROBOT FROM A DEAD WOMAN! WELL, SHE STILL MAKES A GOOD STORY... THIS MONSTER DOLL!

THE MONSTER DOLL! WHAT A CREATURE SHE MUST HAVE BEEN... IF SHE EVER EXISTED AT ALL! A ROBOT'S MACHINERY IN A WOMAN'S BODY! BULMERE WAS A GENIUS... IF HE DID IT!



IT WAS WONDERFUL, FINDING JANE WAITING FOR HIM AT THE AIRPORT...

OH, DICKSON, IT'S SO GOOD TO SEE YOU BACK! TELL ME, DID YOU FIND YOUR ROBOT?

I'M AFRAID YOU WERE RIGHT ALL ALONG JANE... IT WAS A WILD-GOOSE CHASE! BUT PLEASE DON'T SAY "I TOLD YOU SO!"

I WON'T GLOAT, DARLING! BUT YOU MUST DO ONE THING FOR ME... FIRE SUE JACKSON! I CAN'T STAND HER ANY LONGER! I'VE WAITED TILL YOUR RETURN... BUT NOW SHE HAS TO GO!

FIRE SUE? I... I DON'T UNDERSTAND! I CAN'T PROMISE THAT, JANE, BUT I'LL TALK TO HER TONIGHT AND SEE WHAT'S WRONG!



That evening...

BUT WHAT'S WRONG, SUE? MY WIFE DISLIKES YOU... AND FROM YOUR ATTITUDE, YOU DISLIKE HER! IT'S PRETTY BAFFLING TO A MERE MAN!

I... I CAN'T TELL YOU, DICKSON! I JUST CAN'T! BUT I'LL LEAVE FIRST THING IN THE MORNING!

YOU'RE WANTED ON THE PHONE, DARLING! IF YOU CAN BREAK UP THAT LITTLE CONFERENCE...

I'LL BE RIGHT THERE!

IT WAS A SUMMONS TO AN URGENT CONFERENCE OF THE CYBERNETICS FOUNDATION!

DRIVE CAREFULLY, DICKSON! THE TRAFFIC IS BAD AND... VERY TOUCHING, SUE! BUT I COULDN'T HELP OVERHEARING YOUR CONVERSATION JUST NOW IN THE LAB! WHY WAIT TILL MORNING? WHY NOT LEAVE NOW... BEFORE HE COMES BACK?



I REALLY THINK THAT WOULD BE BEST! JUST GO AWAY TONIGHT AND NEVER COME BACK AGAIN! I'LL EXPLAIN TO MY HUSBAND!

ALL RIGHT, MRS. PRESCOTT! BUT BEFORE I GO, I WANT TO TELL YOU WHAT I THINK OF YOU! YOU'RE NOT RIGHT FOR HIM! YOU'RE COLD, HEARTLESS, LACKING IN HUMAN EMOTION... ALMOST AS IF YOU WERE A ROBOT YOURSELF!



IT WAS THEN THAT A SUDDEN AND VERIFYING CHANGE CAME OVER JANE PRESCOTT!

A ROBOT! HOW DARE YOU! I... I'LL KILL ANYONE WHO TALKS TO ME LIKE THAT! DO YOU HEAR? I'LL KILL...

WHY... YOU'RE INSANE! GET AWAY FROM ME!







DICKSON PRECOTT WAS ARRESTED, ACCUSED OF MURDER! WHILE AWAITING TRIAL, HE SENT A CABLEGRAM...AND RECEIVED A STUNNING ANSWER!

ALAN MACCAMPBELL -DEAD OF A HEART ATTACK! THE ONE WITNESS WHO MIGHT HAVE SAVED ME!



AND AT HIS TRIAL...

YOU HAVE NOTHING TO SAY IN YOUR DEFENSE, MR. PRESCOTT?

HOW CAN I TELL THEM I MARRIED A ROBOT...AND THEN DESTROYED HER? THEY'D SEND ME TO THE INSANE ASYLUM...AND I'D RATHER DIE!



I'LL TELL YOU, GENTLEMEN, WHY THE PRISONER DOES NOT TALK! HE HAS NOTHING TO SAY! HE KNOWS HE IS GUILTY! I DEMAND THE EXTREME PENALTY!



YOU HAVE BEEN FOUND GUILTY OF MURDER IN THE FIRST DEGREE! IT IS THEREFORE MY DUTY TO IMPOSE A SENTENCE OF DEATH ON YOU! YOU WILL BE TAKEN FROM THIS PLACE AND...

HOW STRANGE ALL THIS SEEMS! SOME JUDGE MUST HAVE SAID ALMOST THE SAME WORDS TO ALICE McLANE...A CENTURY AGO, BEFORE BULMERE RESURRECTED HER AS THE MONSTER DOLL! NOW THEY'RE HANGING ME FOR HER DEATH!



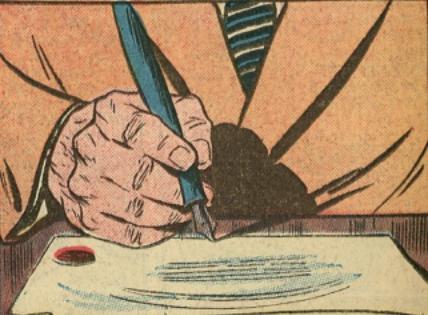
THAT WAS THE STORY OF DICKSON PRESCOTT, AS TOLD TO THE GOVERNOR BY THE CHAIRMAN OF THE STATE PAROLE BOARD! WHEN THE STORY WAS ENDED, THERE WAS A SHORT, TENSE SILENCE IN THE GOVERNOR'S OFFICE! THEN...

FANTASTIC! DO YOU BELIEVE THIS...THIS CRAZY YARN?



BLAST IT, FELLOWS! DO YOU REALIZE THE LEGAL QUESTIONS ALL THIS RAISES? IF PRESCOTT IS INNOCENT, I CAN'T LET HIM DIE, OF COURSE! I'LL ADMIT I'M STUMPED!

BETTER MAKE UP YOUR MIND, SIR! HE HAS ONLY TEN MINUTES LEFT!



TEN MINUTES! THE PAPER IS WAITING, THE INK IS ON THE PEN, THE PRECIOUS SECONDS OF A MAN'S LIFE TICK AWAY! IS DICKSON PRESCOTT GUILTY OF MURDER? CAN YOU MURDER A ROBOT...A MONSTER DOLL? WOULD YOU SIGN THE PARDON, READER?

Announcing

OPERATION PERIL

... NEWEST AND GREATEST
ADVENTURE COMICS MAGAZINE
EVER PUBLISHED!

NEW IN THRILLING STORIES WHICH
FEATURE ACTIONFUL ADVENTURE
AT ITS BEST!

NEW IN ZESTFUL PICTURE CONTENT
THAT SPELLS AMERICA'S FINEST ART!

NEW IN A SPARKLING GALAXY OF
COLORFUL SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE
THAT YOU'LL REMEMBER FOREVER!



OPERATION PERIL

10¢
ON ALL
STANDS

BOYS! GIRLS! HURRY! - BE THE FIRST TO OWN
THIS BEAUTIFUL
**IDENTIFICATION
BRACELET!**



with
**YOUR OWN NAME
and BIRTHSTONE!**
(or without birthstone, if you prefer)

ONLY
25¢

WITH FRONT COVER OF ANY
SMITH BROTHERS BOX

Send to: SMITH BROTHERS,
P.O. Box 557, Providence, R.I.



Here's all you do! Fill in coupon
below (use sheet of paper), and send in with 25¢ and
the front cover of any Smith

Brothers box for beautiful
bracelet finished in Nickel Sil-
ver! Allow 4 weeks for delivery.
Supply is limited—so hurry!

Please print information below (use pencil) and send
to: Smith Brothers, P.O. Box 557, Providence, R.I.
for Bracelet
(about \$4.50 value)

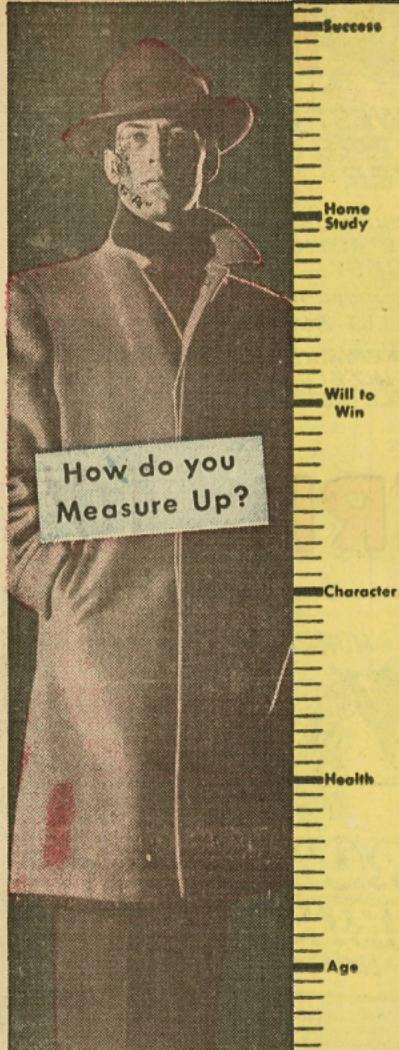
Do you want birthstone? Yes No
If Yes, give month of birth:
Wrist size Large Small

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

Zone _____ State _____



Get the FACTS!
Mail Coupon Today!

HAVE YOU GOT WHAT IT TAKES?

to become a
Criminal Investigator
Finger Print Expert?

FIND OUT NOW
at our Expense

You have everything to gain . . . nothing to lose! Here's your chance to learn at OUR expense whether you have "what it takes" to become a criminal investigator or finger print expert.

With NO OBLIGATION on your part—mail the coupon below requesting our *qualification* questionnaire. It will be sent to you by return mail. If, in our opinion, your answers to our simple questions indicate that you have the basic qualifications necessary to succeed in scientific crime detection, we will tell you promptly. Then you will also receive *absolutely free* the fascinating "Blue Book of Crime"—a volume showing how modern detectives actually track down real criminals.

Our Graduates Are Key Men in Over 800 Identification Bureaus

So this is your opportunity! We have been teaching finger print and firearms identification, police photography and criminal investigation for over 30 years! OUR GRADUATES—TRAINED THROUGH SIMPLE, INEXPENSIVE, STEP BY STEP, HOME STUDY LESSONS—HOLD RESPONSIBLE POSITIONS IN OVER 800 U. S. IDENTIFICATION BUREAUS! We know what is needed to succeed—NOW we want to find out if you have it!

Without spending a penny—see how YOU "measure up" for a profitable career in scientific criminal investigation. Mail the coupon today!

INSTITUTE OF APPLIED SCIENCE

(A Correspondence School Since 1916)

1920 Sunnyside Ave., Dept. 309-B Chicago 40, Ill.

INSTITUTE OF APPLIED SCIENCE

1920 Sunnyside Ave., Dept. 309-B Chicago 40, Ill.

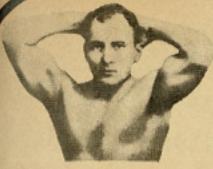


Gentlemen: Without obligation or expense on my part, send me my qualification questionnaire. I understand that upon receipt of my answers you will immediately advise me if you think they indicate that I have a chance to succeed in criminal investigation or finger print work. Then I will receive FREE the "Blue Book of Crime," and information on your course and the 800 American Identification Bureaus employing your students or graduates.

Name _____

Address _____ RFD or Zone _____

City _____ State _____ Age _____



"This photo proves I have gained unusual physical development through your methods."

—R. F., South Africa



"What a difference! Have put 3½ inches on my chest (normal) and 2½ inches expanded." —F. S., New York



"I am sending you this snapshot showing my wonderful progress."

—W. G., New Jersey



"Gained 29 lbs. When I started your course I weighed 141. Now weigh 170."

—T. K., New York

I've turned thousands of fellows into

REAL HE-MEN

Let me prove I can do it for you!

All I Ask is 15 Minutes a Day
— "Dynamic Tension" Will Do The Rest

From Weakling to a Real He-Man

You have changed me from a weakling to a real human. My chest has gone up 6 inches. I am a solid mass of muscle from head to foot. Friends and doctors have met and noticed a great change—and some even failed to recognize me!"

—J. W., Montana

Gains 40 Lbs.

"Worth 100 times what I paid. You not only made me a man but you added at least 10 years to my life. I feel now as if I had been born again! My weight was 130 lbs. and I got myself to 170 through your wonderful course."

—J. W., Montana

British West Indies

Makes Track Team—

Called "Perfect Build"

"Am in the pink of condition and on the school Track Team. As I was getting into shape I heard a fellow say one day I heard a couple of men say, 'Look at that fellow. He has a perfect build.'"

—E. M., Conn.

Health 100% Better

Through Dynamic Tension
"The benefits are wonderful! The first week my arm increased two inches, in my health is 100% better. Dynamic Tension is the best in the world."

—W. E., Ohio

My Illustrated Book is Yours—Not for \$1.00 or 10¢—But FREE!

Send NOW for my famous book, "Everlasting Health and Strength." It has 48 pages, and is packed from cover to cover with actual photographs and illustrations. It tells you what "Dynamic Tension" can do, may answer many vital questions that may be puzzling you. Page by page it shows what I can do YOU.

Yes, this book is a real prize for

any fellow who wants a better build. Yet it doesn't cost you a penny—I'll send you a copy absolutely FREE. Just glancing through it will open your eyes to the fact it may be the turning point in your whole life! So don't put it off another minute. Send the coupon to me personally:

Charles Atlas, Dept. 2G, 115 East 23rd Street, New York 10, N. Y.

Charles
Atlas

Holder of the
"The World's
Most Perfectly
Developed Man."



What's My Secret?

"Dynamic Tension"! That's the ticket! The identical natural method that I myself developed to change my body from the scrawny, skinny-chested weakling I was at 17 to my present super-man physique!

Thousands of other fellows are becoming marvelous physical specimens—my way. I give you NO gadgets or contraptions to fool with. When you have learned to develop your Strength through "Dynamic Tension" you can laugh at artificial muscle-makers. You simply utilize the DORMANT muscle power in your own God-given body—watch it increase and multiply double-quick into real solid MUSCLE.

**CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 2G
115 E. 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.**

Send me—absolutely FREE—a copy of your famous book, "Everlasting Health and Strength"—48 pages, crammed with actual photographs, answers to vital health questions, and valuable advice to every man who wants a better build. I understand this book is mine to keep, and sending for it does not obligate me in any way.

Name Age
(Please print or write plainly)

Address Zone No.

City (if any) State



While They Last OUTSTANDING

BARGAINS

IN U. S. ARMY WAR SURPLUS CAMPING GEAR

You can be the most envied kid in your neighborhood with this real U. S. Army Surplus equipment. The "exact" equipment used by thousands of G.I.'s, all over the world in the last war. They're just "super" for that next camping trip, hike, hunting or fishing. You'll be proud to display and wear them. Watch how your friends eyes "pop" when they hear how little this authentic equipment costs. Don't delay, send in your order today! Use the coupon shown below.

SAVE up to 35%

by ordering one or more of these specials. Please, NO SUBSTITUTES! Specials are made up in advance for immediate delivery to you.

COMMANDO BAG

D. with adjustable D. strap. Grand lunch bag, camera case, etc. New.



65c



95c

MUSSETTE BAG

M. with shoulder strap. Double duty. May be worn as pack sack or slung from shoulder.

95c

MEDICAL CORPS BAG



W. ADJUSTABLE lacing lowers bottom 4 inches to provide more space as needed.

75c

AIR CORPS SUSTENANCE V. VEST



New. Adjustable to fit all sizes. Great buy at this price. Has 10 pockets, including: Pistol belt, 2 cartridges, 2 gift for dad. Cost the Air Corps \$10.00 to make.

\$1.95

SIGNALING MIRROR



Unbreakable. S. Flashes 10 different signals and directions. Reversible mirror. Comes with signal cord. New.

35c

MINIMUM ORDER \$1.65 All items except those listed as new are in used perfect condition. Limited quantities. Order now while supply lasts. Last Spring we were sold out of many items almost immediately, so fill in coupon and order NOW!

CHAS. McMANUS • Cuttingsville 9, Vt.



COMBINATION SPECIALS!

(see illustrations on the left)

A5. Combat Infantry Pack. The last word in a scientifically engineered pack. Has 5 inside pocket compartments. 1 outside pocket. Inside rubber throat for extra waterproof protection. 5 sets of attached straps, buckles and 2 clip sections for hooking in extra gear. May also be worn side-shoulder. plus P. Pistol Belt, R. 1st Aid Pouch, Z. 2 oz. bottle Insect Repellent, F. 8 oz. can Impregnate.

\$2.60

VALUE ONLY

\$1.95

POST PAID

A8. Combat Infantry Pack. Includes all in A5, plus W. Medical Corps Bag, N. 12 Oz. Can Lemon Powder, S. Signal Mirror.

\$4.30 VALUE

Only \$3 POST PAID

H6. Famous Infantry Field Pack. H. Haversack with Mess Kit Case, plus P. Pistol Belt, R. First Aid Pouch, Z. 2 Oz. bottle Insect Repellent, F. 8 Oz. Can Impregnate.

\$2.30 VALUE

Only \$1.65 POST PAID

H12. (2 Sets of H6) \$4.60 Value Only \$3 POST PAID

H24. (4 Sets of H6) \$9.20 Value Only \$5 POST PAID

H9. 1 set of H6 plus D. Commando Bag, C. 10 Pocket Cartridge Belt, B. 12 Oz. Can Lemon Powder.

\$4.30 VALUE

Only \$3 POST PAID

W7. Medical Corp Adjustable Bag, C. 10 Pocket Cartridge Belt, R. 1st Aid Pouch, Z. 2 Oz. Bottle Insect Repellent, F. 8 Oz. Can Impregnate, N. 12 Oz. Can Lemon Powder, S. Signal Mirror.

\$3.25 VALUE

Only \$2.25 POST PAID

G11. Includes the famous Infantry and Artillery Packs plus a Carbo Bag which is perfect for camp tent, etc. H. Haversack with Mess Kit case, P. Pistol Belt, R. 1st Aid Pouch, Z. 2 Oz. bottle Insect Repellent, F. 8 Oz. Can Impregnate, also M. Musette Bag with shoulder strap, C. 10 Pocket Cartridge Belt, N. 12 Oz. Can Lemon Powder, S. Signal Mirror, G. Cargo Bag.

\$6.20 VALUE

Only \$4 POST PAID

Win Prizes and Ribbons at Jamborees!

LIMITED QUANTITIES!

MAIL COUPON TODAY!

CHARLES McMANUS, Cuttingsville 9, Vermont

I enclose (cash or money order, positively no COD's). Send items checked below:

- A8. Combat Infantry Pack (18 items) ... \$3.00
- A5. Combat Infantry Pack (5 items) ... \$1.95
- W7. Medical Corp Field Pack (7 items) ... \$2.25
- G11. Famous Infantry and Artillery Field Packs ... \$4.00

MINIMUM ORDER \$1.65

Name _____

Address _____

City & Zone _____ State _____